



JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.

HERE I am again! Nothing very much to say, so I suppose we'll talk rather longer than usual.

LEAVE THE HOUSE.

SOME of you children look pale. That's because you don't exercise enough in the open air—you, little girls, I mean especially. Study your lessons if you must, for I wouldn't on any account interfere with the advice of other Jacks; but remember that there are out-of-door lessons to learn—music lessons to take from the birds in summer and the winds in winter, picture lessons from Master Nature, health lessons from Dr. Oxygen, and love lessons from the bright blue sky. Don't miss them, my dears, else some day you'll be "kept in" for non-attendance in a way you'll not fancy. What would you like to hear about this time? The birds have brought me word of all sorts of doings, and I hardly know where to begin.

INDIA RUBBER TREES.

ARE all of you provided with India rubber boots for the winter? A smart bird asked me the other day if I'd ever seen an overshoes tree. He thought he was having a good joke on poor Jack. But I stirred his feathers by telling him that I hadn't seen one, but that I knew more about them than he could chirp to the moon in a fortnight. You see, a South American bird had told a friend of mine all about it. He gave me some figures about the caoutchouc or India rubber tree that I can spare as well as not: The trees are very plentiful, 43,000 of them having been counted in a tract of land eight miles wide and less than four times as long. They are tapped for the sake of a milky juice, which is the India rubber used in manufacture. This juice or "gum" is whitish at first, but is blackened by smoke. Each tree yields about a tulipful a day, and can be tapped for twenty successive years; so you see, in case you

haven't your boots yet, the chances are that they are oozing out of some tree for you at this very moment.

NIGHT SCHOOLS.

TALKING of lessons, I wonder if the ST. NICHOLAS children have any idea of how many girls and boys go to night schools. The poor little things have to work during the day, and so, rather than not have any schooling at all, they say their lessons at night. Not only young persons, but middle-aged men and women attend these schools. I know of one man past forty years of age who has learned to read at a night school within the last two years. All honor to him and the school too. Such schools abound now in the large cities. They have fine rooms, good teachers, and many thousand pupils in all. Capital thing; but (whisper) I'm glad I don't have to go.

A STRETCH OF GOLD.

TALKING of figures, a humming bird told me the other day on the very best authority that a piece of pure gold as big, or, I should say, as small as his own bright little eye, could be beaten out thinner and thinner until it would cover seventy square miles. Some of you school-boys may say "That's too thin," but you're mistaken; and besides, Jack doesn't approve of slang expressions.

A NEW CONUNDRUM.

HERE'S a conundrum. Very young folk needn't apply. What wild animal is the past tense of a verb which, spelled with two letters, means a negative?

It's a *gnu* conundrum, you observe.

TREES UPON STILTS.

DID ever you hear of trees upon stilts? A lady who had been reading a book called the "Desert World" told a little bird about it, and the little bird brought word direct to me. In Guiana and Brazil, the lady said, are found the immense forests which supply the whole world with nearly all the dye woods in use, and the most beautiful timbers for cabinet work. These trees love the sea air, so they grow as near to the shore as they can without having their roots and trunks washed by the salt water, which would kill most if not all of them. Between these great forests and the open ocean stretch vast swamps, which at low tide are only marshy, but at high tide are covered with several feet of water. In these swamps grow immense quantities of mangroves, their dense foliage seeming to float on the surface of the water when the tide is in, but when it is out the branches present the appearance of growing out of the sides of prostrate trunks of trees, which are supported upon immense crooked stilts. These

stilts are the bare roots, which are obliged to seek the deep rich mud for nourishment, at the same time that they must support the trunk and branches at a height that the tide cannot affect them. The mangrove swamps are the haunts of many curious creatures which are here almost perfectly safe from pursuit, for the tangled masses of roots are a more effectual defence than the strongest walls.

A VERY FUNNY BOOK.

I DON'T know when I've laughed inwardly more than I did at a book that a dear little girl had in our meadow yesterday. The pictures are enough to split the sides of the soberest Jack-in-the-Pulpit that ever lived; so funny, and so bright with color that, for a moment, it seemed to me as if the autumn landscape had suddenly turned into a great big illuminated joke. The book is English—I'd wager my stake on that; but it is republished by Mr. Scribner's publishing house in New York. It is called "The Ten Little Niggers;" and I'll tell you the thrilling story it illustrates, if you'll allow me to change one little word throughout the poem, so as not to hurt anybody's feelings:

THE TEN LITTLE BLACK BOYS.

Ten little black boys went out to dine;
One choked his little self, and then there were nine.

Nine little black boys sat up very late;
One overslept himself, and then there were eight.

Eight little black boys traveling in Devon;
One said he'd stay there, and then there were seven.

Seven little black boys, chopping up sticks;
One chopped himself in halves, and then there were six.

Six little black boys, playing with a hive;
A bumble-bee stung one, and then there were five.

Five little black boys, going in for law;
One got in chancery, and then there were four.

Four little black boys, going out to sea;
A red herring swallowed one, and then there were three.

Three little black boys, walking in the "Zoo;"
The big bear hugged one, and then there were two.

Two little black boys, sitting in the sun;
One got frizzled up, and then there was one.

One little black boy, living all alone;
He got married, and then there were none.

THE BEST PATHFINDERS.

DO my young Americans know who are the best pathfinders on the American continent, the great original pathfinders of the West? I'll tell you. They are the buffaloes. Yes, sir, it's true. Hear what a correspondent of ST. NICHOLAS writes with the quill of a dear gray-goose friend of mine:

As the frosts of winter destroy their pastures in the north, so the heats of summer parch those in the south, and the buffaloes must, each spring

and autumn, take long journeys in search of fresh feeding grounds. The large size and weight of these somewhat clumsy explorers make it rather difficult for them to cross the mountains, so they seek out for themselves the most practicable routes; and hunters and emigrants have found that a "buffalo-track" offers the surest and safest path for men and horses. The best passes in the Cumberland and Rocky mountains, and the regions of the Yellowstone, and the Colorado, have been discovered by following the trail of these sagacious animals.

I know this is so, for the great traveler, Humboldt, once wrote: "In this way the humble buffalo has filled a most important part in facilitating geographical discovery in mountainous regions otherwise as trackless as the Arctic wastes, as the sands of Sahara."

ORGAN MOUNTAINS.

I KNOW where there are some organ mountains! How did I hear? Why, the fact is, my new ST. NICHOLAS friends, without intending the slightest disrespect to the birds, already have begun to send me paragrams, as I suppose all messages over the paragraphic wires must be called. Here's the message about organ mountains: "I don't mean musical instruments, dear Jack, so big as to be called mountains—though there are some cathedral organs large enough to almost deserve the term,—but real mountains. Up to heights sometimes greater than that of Mount Washington, these organ mountains do not differ from other ranges in the same countries. But suddenly, from the midst of the trees and verdure with which the lower parts of the mountains are covered, there rise the vast and smoothly-rounded columns of sparkling porphyry whose resemblance to the pipes of gigantic organs gives a name to the mountains.

"Peaks and ranges of this kind are found in France and in Mexico, but the most celebrated are the *Sierra de los Organos* in Brazil, rising west and north of the beautiful bay of Rio Janeiro. To make the resemblance more complete these mountains emit a grand and wonderful harmony. The lightest breeze, even the cry of a jaguar, or the howling of a monkey, passing between these vast stone pipes produces a wild and solemn music. The great instruments are seldom quite silent, even in the calmest weather, but in a storm their mysterious tones rise and swell into harmonious thunder. Sometimes long before a storm breaks upon the country below, the inhabitants are warned by the notes of the mountains that a tempest is coming, and the Indians whisper, 'The Great Spirit makes thunder-music; by and by He will be angry.'"

BOOKS FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

THE most charming book for young readers published this season, is "*Bed-time Stories*," by Louise Chandler Moulton (Roberts Bros., Boston). The volume contains sixteen delightfully-told tales, just as full of lovable boys and girls as any book can be. We fear that if any of these stories were told at bed-time to some young folks we know, they would not have their natural rest, for it would be impossible to get them to go to sleep until every story was told. The illustrations are by Addie Ledyard, and altogether it is a book which our little folks—the girls especially—ought to have before the year is out.

AFTER you have read Mrs. Moulton's book you hardly can find anything new that will interest you more than *Northern Lights*, a collection of stories by Swedish and Finnish authors, translated by Selma Borg and Marie A. Brown. The publishers (Porter & Coates, of Philadelphia) have had the original Swedish pictures re-drawn by Mr. Bensell, and the book is one of the handsomest of the season. These "Lights" will lead you into the very brightest and richest nooks of story-land, and, what is of great importance, they will bring you back again, with its gleams still lingering about you. It is a good thing to feel, after we have read a delightful book, "Ah, now I can strive and study with a will!" But if it makes us sigh, "Ah, how can I take up my old humdrum life again!" we may be sure something is wrong.

Porter & Coates, of Philadelphia, send us "*Lady Green Satin*."

Lady Green Satin was only a little white mouse, living in a cattle-shed on the Pyrenees mountains, until Jean Paul found her.

Jean Paul was nine years old. His father was dead, his mother and sisters very poor, so poor, that the dear little fellow ran five miles to carry a letter and fetch its answer, in order to earn a little less than ten of our cents, that he might buy black-bread to give them to eat.

The way was so long that on his way back it grew quite dark. The rain began to fall, and he went into the cattle-shed where Lady Green Satin and her maid Rosetti lived.

In the night when the white mice began to nibble at the little boy's supper of white bread, Jean Paul caught them, put them on his head underneath his leather cap, fastened it, and went home before daylight.

This delightful new fairy story tells us how the little white mice came to be Lady Green Satin and

her maid Rosetti; how Jean Paul taught them to perform wonderful tricks on a small white board, which he called his theatre; how, when times were bad and he could get no more money by exhibiting Lady Green Satin among the Pyrenees, he left his home one day, with the consent of his mother, and made his way to Paris. The story tells us how, after many days the little fellow came to the great city; how he thought he could sleep in the streets and found that he could not; how he gained his lodgings for two sous a night, and then went and came, cold, wet, hungry, and sometimes very happy because Lady Green Satin and her maid Rosetti had performed so well, that he had gained good friends, and best of all, had gathered many sous to send to his dear mother and sisters.

The story is charmingly told. The sweet, *every-minute* trust in the good God that led Jean Paul safely through so many hard places and at last back to his home, is just the trust that children, and grown folks, too, need everywhere in order to make life bright all the way through. The book is written by the Baroness E. Martineau des Chesnez, and will, we hope, be read by every reader of ST. NICHOLAS.

"*Romain Kalbris*. His Adventures by Sea and Shore," is a book that is certain to be read—devoured, we will say—by every boy into whose hands it may fall, and upon the whole, we recommend it. The adventures are possible, the escapes thrilling; and Romain's honesty is so true in great or small emergencies, and his return to his duties at last is so satisfactory that we are inclined to do as others did and forgive him. Romain Kalbris is translated from the French of Hector Malot, by Mrs. Julia McNair Wright. Published by Porter & Coates, of Philadelphia.

"*Try and Trust; or, The Story of a Bouna Boy*." By Horatio Alger, Jr. Loring, publisher, Boston. Here is a book for the boys, by a capital writer. It is the story of an orphan boy who had been well trained, and fairly educated, but who on the death of his mother was left without means. His uncle in a distant city, influenced by the pride of his family, failed to assist him. He was then obliged to take a situation as bound-boy by the select-men of the town in which he lived. His upright conduct and fearlessness carry him safely through many perils. The master to whom he is bound is very cruel, but his unreasonable treatment only serves to show the heroism of the boy, who

bravely carries out the last advice of his loved mother, to "try and trust." After leaving his inhuman master, he meets with many adventures, and finally —. But you must read the book for yourselves, young friends. Its fresh incidents will delight you and you'll take in good lessons without knowing it.

"*Brightside*," by Mrs. E. Bedell Benjamin. Published by Robert Carter & Bros.

This story of little Sorella, an English child, left in charge of a careless nurse in Italy while her parents went to Russia, and afterwards stolen in Naples and brought to America, is told in a simple and very interesting manner. All our children will be delighted to be told how this little stolen girl came to be known by the pleasant family at Brightside, and what came of that knowledge.

"*Aunt Sadie's Cow*," by Sarah J. Prichard. Published by Robert Carter & Bros.

A beautiful story well told by one who knows the ins and outs of young hearts.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

Matt's Follies, and other Stories, by Mary N. Prescott, with illustrations. James R. Osgood & Co., Boston.

Children of The Olden Time, by the author of "A Trap to Catch a Sunbeam." Scribner, Wellford & Armstrong, New York.

Leaves from the Tree of Life, by Rev. Richard Newton, D.D.; *Truffle Nephews*, by Rev. P. B. Power; *Fanny's Birthday Gift*, by Joanna H. Matthews; *Kitty and Lulu* books; *Not Bread Alone*. Robert Carter & Bros., New York.

THE RIDDLE BOX.

CLASSICAL DIAMOND PUZZLE.

1. A CONSONANT.
 2. God of the Shepherds.
 3. Inferior Roman gods.
 4. A Myrmidon hero; father of Epigeus.
 5. A beautiful youth punished by Nemesis.
 6. A legendary hero of Attica: who, emulating Hercules, undertook to destroy the robbers and monsters that infested the country.
 7. A fierce and powerful Thracian people, subdued by the Romans.
 8. The clothing of the Satyrs.
 9. A consonant.
- The centre letters, horizontal and perpendicular, name a god and a flower.

CHARADE.

MY *second* went to the side of my *first*,
And stayed through the *whole*, for the air;
There were croquet and swinging,
And bathing and singing
And chatting with maidens fair.

HIDDEN SQUARE WORDS.

FOUR words concealed in the following sentence will form a perfect word-square:

He gazes toward the lone beech on the far distant hillside, and thinks how happy he should be could he but own all those broad and fertile fields.

SQUARE REMAINDERS.

BEHEAD three words having the following significations, and the remaining letters will form a word-square:

1. Genuine; 2. To change; 3. To crook.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

I SHINE like the dew-drop when beauty adorning,
I reflect the *green* leaves sun-kissed in the morning.

1. A river famed in story.
2. This the reporter's glory.
3. A name for anything.
4. This man will have to swing.
5. And now I really wish
To taste this Spanish dish.
6. This number's anything.
7. He played before the king.

REBUS.



[WHAT GREAT MAN IS THIS?]



PICTORIAL DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

POSITIVES AND COMPARATIVES.

(EXAMPLES.—Stream—streamer, past—pastor.)

1. He brings his bill for service done,
And straightway mounts his steed.
2. The little rascal plays his pranks,
Then runs away with speed
3. Now see the youth with nimble tread
As step by step he mounts.
4. How well the story he'll relate,
How rapidly he counts.
5. Then give me but my Arab steed,
And well I'll shave his head.
6. Oh! what a horrid, noisy bell.
The noontide meal is spread.

PUZZLE.

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			KIN	
DN	essw	ASM	yow	N dearc
		HE	rubwi	FEI'
LLN	Eve	RFI	nda	no
	the rone	asgo	O	dinal
	LM	yli	FES	heblo
		O Me		
	DS	he	B	loss
		O Me		
DS	He	Dec	aye	Dan
	Dun	Dert	Hist	Reeh
			erbo	

DVISLA ID.

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES AND PUZZLES IN THE NOVEMBER NUMBER.

CLASSICAL ENIGMA.—Hesperus, the Evening Star. (Hesperia, Granius, Vesta, Teuta, Hera, Nereis).

DIAMOND WORD.—

RIDDLE.—A drum.

ELLIPSES.—2.—Abby, baby. 3.—Levi, veil. 4.—Ruth, hurt. 5.—Sway, ways. 6.—Pass, asps. 7.—Kale, lake.

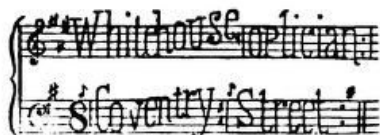
ANAGRAMS.—1.—Earliest. 2.—Immediate. 3.—Proselytes. 4.—Rapacity. 5.—Abdicates. 6.—Beardless. 7.—Journalist. 8.—Enlargement. 9.—Sectarian. 10.—Incarceration.

REBUS.—In at one ear, and out at the other.

LOGOGRIPH.—Carpet—out of which may be made: ace, acre, act, ape, arc, art, car, care, carp, cart, cap, cape, cat, crape, crate, ear, pace, part, pat, pea, pear, peat, pet, race, rap, rat, rate, tap, tape, tar, tare, tea, tear.

PARAPHRASED PROVERB.—A care-less watch inn-vi(c)-tes a vigilant foe.

THE VISION.—



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GEOGRAPHICAL REBUS.—Next month we shall give the names of those boys and girls who sent to the "Riddle Box" the best list of answers to this rebus. Here are the names of sixty towns and places that can be found in the picture:

Lone Pine. Archangel. Bridgeport. Krossen. Buffalo. Rockland. Portland. Rockport. Watertown. Cape Fear. Homestead. Pigeon Roost. Hillsdale. Black Rock. Enfield. Waterford. Horse Creek. Horsford. Columbia. Domaize. Hall Carr Rock. Log Cabin. Houston. Katonah. China. Table Rock. Genoa. Salem. Manchac. Waterloo. Cape Henlopen. Pine Hill. Boardman. Mendota. Logie. Stockton. Leghorn. Rameses. Ramsgate. Wellow. Lowell. Manchester. Bootan. Manaccan. Stone. Kane. Loggun. Canaan. Kasey's. Manatee. Crestline. Painted Post. Turkey. Cape Horn. Skowhegan. Chickasaw. Washington. Bull Run. Plainfield.